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Welcome to the academy!

America's POV

Darkness. Nice, cool darkness.

I knew this wouldn't last long, and just as I was about to wake up, my alarm clock did it for me.

I groaned. I hated waking up early. Usually my father would let me stay a bit longer, since I was homeschooled, but this was my first day at school. Well, high school.

I could see the Sun slowly rising through my window, almost as if it was telling me to get up. And so I got up, brushed my teeth, put on the stupid school uniform and went downstairs.

My mother, France, cooked us some food. I personally loved my moms food. It was the best. "Are you ready for your first day, America dear?" Asked my mom. "Hm?" I answered, totally focused on the food I was eating. "Oh yeah, I sure am." I said, realizing she was talking to me.

"Good. I am sure you'll make friends real quick." She said in confidence, although I could hear a hint of worry in her tone. "I know you're worried mom, I promise I'll be alright." I tried to calm her. She smiled and said: "of course you will be, but you know I'm your mother, it's my job to worry." I smiled back. "I know"

Time skip

France dropped me and my brother Canada at the academy, wishing us luck. We thanked her and walked in. Canada was already familiar with the building because our parents sent him here last year. I still couldn't understand why they didn't send me with him. It's not like he's older than me. He actually is a little younger than me! How is that fair? I continued to wonder and think, but my thoughts were soon interrupted by the place I was

standing in.

"Wow" I murmured in awe. This place was huge! It sure is awesome, but I think I'll get lost in seconds. Luckily for me, my brother knew the place.

He lead me through the classrooms, the library, the lab, the garden, everything! It was amazing, but a bit confusing, honestly.

"Oh!" Said Canada. "That's my girlfriend, Ukraine!" He was pointing at a shorter girl in the garden who was wearing a flower crown. Not gonna lie, I can see why Canada likes her. She sure is pretty, and by how he described her personality, I think she is perfect for him. I wonder if I'll get a girlfriend. Although, to be honest, I'm not really in to girls. Not that I've met many, but still.

"Hey! Ukraine!" Called Canada. "I want you to meet my brother, his name is America!" Ukraine came closer and shook my hand. "It's nice to meet you America, I've heard a lot about you." She said and smiled. "I can say the same. But you can call me Ame. Your flower crown is very pretty by the way." I tried making a good first impression. Canada gave me a thumbs up to show me I did good. Ukraine smiled again. "Why thank you!" She said. "Do you know anyone in the academy yet?"

"Um, no, not really." I answered. "That's okay! We can take you to our friends. They are very nice." Said Ukraine. "I would love that, thank you."

First they took me back to the library. Ukraine pointed at two male students in the corner. "Those are Germany and Poland. They finally started dating last year. I hope you're okay with that." She said. "Why wouldn't I be? I totally support gay rights." I said "great!" Said Ukraine.

"Hey Germany! Poland! Meet my brother America!" Said Canada. One of them jumped up and walked to where I was standing. "Hey! I'm Poland, nice to meet you!" He said in excitement. I honestly loved his vibe. He looked really happy and excited to meet me. "Canada told us a lot about you. You prefer to be called Ame,

right?" He asked. "Oh yeah, sure!" I said, happy he knew that.

"Hey Germany, come here and say hello you book worm!" Shouted Poland to Germany who was sitting at the edge of the library. "Huh? Oh, um, hey there." He said quietly and stuffed his nose back in the book he was reading. "Come on germs, don't be shy!" Said Poland, calling him by his nickname. "Alright, alright, I'm coming." He got up slowly and and walked towards me as well. "Hey there. Nice to meet you." He said. You could tell he didn't really like to socialize, unlike his boyfriend. I respected that, though. "Nice to meet you too, Germany." I smiled. "Or should I call you germs, huh?" I said, and we all laughed. "Yeah, you can call me that if you want. All my friends call me that way." He said.

After a while of talking, they decided to take me to their other friends. But before we found them I accidentally bumped into someone. "Hey! Watch it!" Said a female student aggressively. "S-sorry..." I said. "Yeah, you'd better be." She growled. Poland glared at her but stayed silent.

"Who's that?" I asked my friends after she went away. "That's Iran. She's not a bully, but she will beat you up real bad if you even talk to her, so stay out of her way." Said Canada. "Okay." I said, a little scared. "Anyway, do you see those two?" Said Ukraine and pointed at a tall male student and a female one walking together. "Those are China and North Korea. They are the school bullies, good luck getting away from them."

{A/N: yes China is a girl in this AU}

"Let's walk from here, maybe they won't see us." Said Poland and took us from a different corridor. "There they are!" He said and called two students to come here. "Ame, theses are Japan and South Korea, they are also our friends." Said Canada. I smiled at them and said hello. Turns out they're dating ever since their first year here.

{A/N: Japan is a girl and South Korea is a boy}

After a few minutes of introducing me to all the students and teachers in the academy, I felt more confident about walking in

those halls. I could say I have friends now, which was awesome.

We were just walking around and suddenly I noticed a student I didn't recognize. I thought that by now I'd know everybody, but I guess I was wrong. "Hey um, who's that? I don't think you introduced him." I said. "Who?" Asked Canada. "That tall scary guy over there." I said and pointed at him.

"Oh yeah, that's Russia..." Said Canada. Surprisingly he sounded scared. He wasn't the bravest guy, true, but he sounded really scared this time. Weird.

"Oh, yeah, um... he's- he's my brother." Said Ukraine, a little hesitant. "What?!" I almost shouted. "You look nothing alike! And to be honest, you look much nicer than he looks. Both personally and physically." I said in disbelief. How could they be related? Ukraine sighed. "I know." She said sadly. "It's- it's not his fault he's like that. Our past..." she paused. It was clear she didn't want to talk about that topic so it was best to leave it. Canada hugged her. Maybe he knows what happened.

Meanwhile I observed him. When I looked closer I could see his left arm was made of metal. How did he lose it? I wonder. He had short ivory hair and blue ice-like eyes. His right eye was also missing a pupil. Creepy! He also had a scar across the right side of his head. All the way from his eye to his neck. It looked like it was made from a lightning strike, but smaller. His wings were really long and colored black. It had a layer of dark purple feathers, like northern lights. It also had a few white feathers like stars. His wings were sure beautiful, or at least his right wing was. His left wing was made of metal too, just like his arm. He was definitely the scariest guy I've ever seen, but I do feel a little sorry for him. Those injuries must have hurt.

Well, anyway, exploring time has ended. The bell rang and we separated and went each to their class.

Time skip

After the school ended, our mother got me and Canada back home. "How was school sweeties?" She asked. "It was great!" Said Canada.

"What do you think, America dear?" She asked me. "It was nice. The place is huge, and most students are nice. Canada took me to meet all his friends." I said. She smiled. "Good. I'm glad you're doing fine."

I went upstairs to my room to rest my body. But my mind sadly couldn't. I kept thinking about something. No, someone. Someone that confuses me. Usually when I meet new people, I like to 'figure them out' which means knowing them. Sort of. But there was one person. One person I couldn't figure out.

That empty look in his eyes.

He didn't just look scary, he acted that way. He didn't show emotion around anyone, and never talked or even interacted with anyone as far as I know.

That person... what was his name again? Oh right.

Russia.

{A/N: first chapter finished! Hope you enjoyed it :)}

Words: 1520

Unexpected meeting

{A/N: yes I am baaack}

America POV

This morning I woke up more easily. I went downstairs to eat breakfast, this time with my two little brothers, Australia and New Zealand. They went to a primary school that started a day later than the academy, so they didn't need to wake up early yesterday.

After France dropped us in the academy I turned to Canada. "Hey, Nada? Can I ask you something?" I said. "Hm? Oh sure, what is it?" He said, wondering what I could possibly want to ask him. "Yesterday Ukraine said something about her and Russia's past, do you know anything about it?" Canada didn't expect that question, I can assume. "Actually, I don't. She never talks about it and every time it comes up she looks down and falls silent. I wonder about that too, sometimes." He said "huh. Weird."

"Maybe I should talk to Russia, nobody knows what he's like, maybe he's nice." I said. "I'm not sure that's a good idea Ame..." said Canada. "Why not? Have you talked to him?"

"I- no, I guess I didn't." He stuttered. "I can see why you're scared, but I'll be fine." I said and he sighed. "I know."

"Hey! Maybe I could look into their past!"

{A/N: America's ability is to see the past, or if he wants, he could also show it in a more realistic version of a hologram}

"I don't thing that's a good idea either..." Canada murmured. "They must have a good reason not to talk about it..." I sighed "you're

right."

Time skip to lunchtime

Canada and our friends already went to the cafeteria, but I decided to try and find Russia. And obviously, like last time, I bumped into someone on the way. I mentally slapped myself. Why does this always happen to me?!

Whoever I just bumped into growled and lifted me up with their hand only to throw me back to the ground. I groaned in pain and opened my eyes. Oh fuck, it's North Korea and China.

North Korea growled again "how dare you! Watch where you're going!" I knew apologies won't help me this time, so I got up slowly and prepared myself for a fight. "Oh it's a fight you want?" I said "fine!" He snorted. "Do you really think you could fight me? Ha!" He laughed. Oh shit, that wasn't a good idea...

He launched himself at me and before I could think of my next step he punched me in the gut, and damn, he was right. He is much stronger than I am. I really fucked up, didn't I?

Students started gathering around us. Some shouted: "fight! fight! fight!" Some murmured or whispered things I couldn't hear. China laughed and I begged silently for someone to help me. And luckily for me, someone came. North stood back where he was standing and snorted at me. Suddenly a hand grabbed his shoulder and a deep, husky voice said: "leave him alone." In an emotionless tone. North didn't turn back, but grinned and said: "and who will make me? If you want me to stop fighting him, **you'll** have to fight me."

The voice exhaled deeply. "I am sure you don't want that." North Korea finally turned around to face his next target. "Oh I sure do." He grinned again and his 'target' sighed. "Fine." They said. I still couldn't see who it was, and I didn't recognize the voice either. North launched his fist towards his opponent, but they caught it midair. The crowd gasped and for once North Korea showed fear and flinched back. I was finally able to see who it was. My eyes widened in shock. From all people who could have helped me...

Russia!?

Why would he help me? I thought he hates everyone?

"Will you leave him alone now?" He asked and North nodded weakly. He grabbed China's hand and ran away. Russia snorted. "yeah, you'd better run!" He called and sighed. "I guess being the scariest guy in the academy has benefits." He said and turned to me. "Are you okay?" He asked me. "Y- yeah..." I stuttered and slowly got up. "Why did you help me?" I asked. He fell silent. "I- I don't know. I just felt like it was the right thing to do."

"I- thank you." I said and he looked surprised "you- aren't you scared of me?" He asked. "Of course I am, but you helped me. The least I can do is thank you." He stayed silent. "Hey, I was just searching for you, I want to talk." I said and he turned to me again. "Talk... to me? Why?"

"I think you deserve a chance. Everyone thinks you're scary - and well, so do I - but that's not right. Everyone deserves a chance." He looked at me, confused. "Do you have any friends here?" I asked. "No. Everyone hates me." He said and I felt a little sorry for him. "I can be your friend!" I said in excitement. He flinched. "No." I raised my eyebrows in confusion. "Why not? Do you want to be hated by everyone?" He paused. "You won't understand." He said and walked away.

By now lunchtime was over so I walked to my class and wondered. Why won't he want to be my friend? Is it something about me? Did I do something wrong? He doesn't want friends, but he doesn't want to be hated either? I'll just have to prove I'm a good friend.

But how?

Words: 902

Friends?

Russia POV

What was that? Why did I help him and why does he want to be my friend? He's probably just going to backstab me and laugh, just like Iran did...

Wait, I didn't even ask his name...

Not that I care anyway.

Luckily for me, before I could overthink it the bell rang.

I went over to my class and sat down at a vacant chair.

And just when I sat, I started trembling. No, no, no! Not now...

I was having one of those flashbacks of my trauma again. This happens once in a while, but I hate it when it's at school...

C'mon Russia, just keep a blank face and stop shaking!

At the end I managed to keep an expressionless face. Sadly I was still shaking, but nobody noticed.

Soon enough the school day was over and I took a bus to my apartment.

It was a small building in the north, close to a forest in the edge of town.

I unlocked the door and stepped in. It was a tiny, gray apartment. I locked the door behind me and walked up the stairs to my room.

I sat down on my bed, and without noticing, I started trembling again.

Flashes and images of younger me, holding a body in my hands. Crying. There was blood everywhere...

I couldn't help it, and didn't need to. I started crying. Gosh I hate crying. I feel so weak and pathetic. Just like I was that day. I could've saved them! I clenched my fists into the bed sheets. Why was I so weak? I promised I'll protect them...

After a few minutes I stopped shaking. I wiped my tears and slowly got up.

Ukraine was right. Maybe I do need friends. But... they might backstab me, again.

Well, my heart can't break when it's already broken, could it? Maybe it's worth a shot.

Time skip to next day

This time I was the one who wanted to talk.

After a few minutes I found him. I should start by asking his name.

"Hey um..." I mumbled from behind him. He flinched and turned around "oh! Hey Russia!" He said "how- how do you know my name?" I asked. I didn't tell him that, did I? "Oh! Ukraine told me! By the way, I'm America!" He answers with a smile. "Oh. Um, I- I changed my mind." I said, hesitating. "What do you mean?" He sounded confused.

"I-" I can't believe I'm saying this- "I want to be your friend."

{A/N: I know this is short, but I kinda wanted to end it like that. Also, I gotta go, but I might write another chapter today!}

Words: 426

Introduction

America POV

"Really?!" I said, happy he changed his mind.

"Yeah..." he says, hesitating. "What's wrong?" I ask.

"N- nothing..." he mumbled. "You- you never had friends, did you?" I asked softly. "No..." he answered.

"Well that's exactly why you should be my friend!" I smiled.

Russia POV

"Yeah..." I said. "I don't totally trust you yet though." He looked a bit offended. "but don't take it personally, I don't trust anyone." I added. That didn't seem to help.

"Hey, you gave me a chance, I give you one. That's fair, right?" I said and he paused. "Yeah, I guess it is." He said and smiled again. "I'll take you to my friends!"

Short time skip

America POV

"There they are!" I said and ran toward them. I hope they accept Russia...

"Hey guys!" I said and they turned to me. "Hey bro!" Said Poland. I quickly explained the whole thing with Russia and most of them looked shocked. Ukraine looked happy. "Oh finally! I've been telling him to get friends for three years! Took him long enough!" She said and I chuckled.

"Russia come here!" I called and he appeared out of the shadows and came closer slowly. Everyone were still a little scared of him,

but they decided to give him a chance.

"Say hi!" I said and he waved shyly. "Those are South Korea and Japan," I say and point at them. They said a silent hi and I moved on. "This is Canada, my brother!" I said "hmm." Said Russia. "Ukraine told me a lot about you. You better be worth her trust." He said and glared at him. "O-Kay..." I said and tried to move on before he scares Canada too much. "This is Poland." I said and he waved. "And that is Germany." I said and Russia froze. "You're T.R's son, aren't you." He said coldly.

{A/N: T.R stands for third reich or nazi}

"I-" said Germany. "Yes, but that's not how I like to introduce myself. How did you know?" He said and Russia hesitated. "Never mind. Nice to meet all of you." He said, but it was obvious that he didn't mean it. Luckily for him, the bell just rang and we separated to our classes.

I could tell he's hiding something,

But what?

{A/N: two chapters a day? That's new. Hope you enjoyed this chapter!}

Words: 377

Befriending enemies

America POV

The next day

Today I wanted to confront China and North Korea, or better, befriend them. I didn't know how, but I wanted to try. And now that Russia is my friend, he can scare them off if something goes wrong.

Time skip to lunchtime

I went and found Russia and told him what I wanted to do. He looked a little confused but he didn't argue. We searched a little and then found them bully a female country. I looked closer and saw it was India. "Hey! Stop it!" I shouted, knowing that they won't listen. They stopped kicking her and turned to us. "Ahh, it's you again!" Said China. "Listen, you gotta stop doing that! Why are you even doing this?" I asked them and China laughed. "Because it's fun!" She smirked.

"She's lying." Said Russia. "How do you know?" I asked, confused. "My ability is to read minds. Although I don't even need to read her mind, you could see it in her eyes."

China gulped and I grinned. "Either you tell him the truth, or I will." Said Russia coldly.

"Never! Why would I tell you!" She exclaimed and Russia sighed. "The hard way then?" He asked and I swear I saw China trembling. "Her parents are abusing her, so she likes to take revenge on innocent countries in her way." He said calmly and I gasped. Even North looked surprised. "Urgh, fine! You're right. I am doing this to feel better about what they did to me." She said, actually sad this time. Russia sighed again. "Listen, I know how suffering feels like,

and I didn't deal with it the way I was supposed to either, but it's not a reason to hurt other people."

She paused, then looked over to India who was laying on the floor, bleeding. Suddenly you could see the realization on China's face. She suddenly felt guilty and aware of the things she's done.

Silence

"I'm sorry." She said and every country who could hear her was shocked. "M- maybe it *was* the wrong thing to do. I'm sorry." She reached her hand towards India and helped her up. "I shouldn't have done that." She said and I smiled. "Wait what about you, North?" I asked and looked over to him. "He has a soft side too, trust me." Said Russia and I walked over to North and China and reached my hand towards them.

I suddenly saw that our friends were watching the whole thing. Good, that'll save some explaining.

"Friends?" I asked and China took my hand and nodded.

"Friends."

{A/N: yay now they're friendsssss. Another short chapter, I know, but you got three chapters a day! God I feel motivated today. I might even write another chapter now.}

Words: 450

Sleepover

{A/N: yes four chapters a day. You have a problem with that?}

Russia POV

The months have passed by quickly and everything was quite fine. America was nice to me and befriending China and N.K (North Korea) was a great decision.

Today Ame ran up to me with a smile, panting. I chuckled. "Is there something you wanted to show me?" I asked calmly while he caught his breath. "Y- yeah..." he said, still panting. "S.K (South Korea) invited us to a sleepover, and he says you can come too!" He said, smiling. "Really? They trust me enough?" I asked, confused. "Of course! The sleepover is tomorrow after school, I'll send you the address."

At the Korean house

I was welcomed to a big, warm house by a woman with a mostly white flag. I assumed she was South and North's mother. "Hello there! Welcome dear! You are North and South's friend right?" She said and I nodded, surprised by how kind she was. "My name is Korea. I am their mother." She said and led my to where everyone was.

"Hey Rus! Come join us!" Called Ukraine and I sat between her and America.

I noticed Poland was singing and looking at a screen while the others were laughing at him.

"Um, what exactly are we doing?" I asked and America laughed.

"Karaoke!" He said. "Oh." I said, and looked up to Poland. America could tell what I was thinking about. "You don't have to sing if you don't want to." He said and I calmed down. I really hated to sing. I used to be good at it, and maybe I still am, but I no longer enjoy it.

Time passed by as everyone sang something, embarrassing themselves. After we were done with that, we played truth or dare. I zoned out and before I knew it, it was my turn. "Russia, truth or dare?" Asked me N.K and I came back to reality. "Uh, dare." I said and he thought for a second. "I dare you... to take off you coat!" He said.

He was referring to the big black coat with white fur at the collar that I was always wearing. No one but Ukraine has seen me without it. I didn't really want to take it off, but I couldn't argue with the dare, so I got it off and put it away. Under it I had a dark gray sleeveless turtleneck shirt. Poland gasped. "I thought your prosthetic hand was only you palm, not you entire arm!" He was right. I was wearing the coat to hide it. It was all the way from the tip of my fingers to my shoulder.

And my other arm... wasn't the best either. That scar from my eye to my neck? It reached my shoulder too. There were more scars scattered around my arm.

{A/N: it's not self harm don't worry}

"How did you get all these scars?" Asked South Korea, a little horrified. "That- that doesn't matter." I said and they shrugged it off and kept going. I zoned out again, until Germany's dare came up. He was dared to call a random number and ask them who they are.

"Hello?" Asked Germany. "Who is this?" Asked a tired voice. It seemed to be an elderly male. "My- my name's Germany, my friends dared my to call a random number, sorry if I interrupted you." He said politely. The voice sighed. "No, no, you didn't." He said. "Who are you, if I may ask?" Asked Germany. "You could call me Russian Empire." I froze. I recognized that name.

"Hey Germany, can I have the phone? I think I know who this is." I asked and he nodded and handed me the phone. "Hello?" I said. "I'm

one of Germany's friends, my name's Russia." I told him. "Are- are you the father of USSR?" I asked and I could see Ukraine's face. She understood what I was thinking about. "Yes, have you heard anything from him? I'm trying to contact him for 8 years!" I froze again and Ukraine started smiling, shocked. "He- he's dead-" I was caught off by him. "WHAT?! How?" He shouted, but his voice broke. "He- he was shot. I'm- I'm sorry." I said and he fell silent.

After a few moments of silence he talked again. "How did you know?" He asked quietly. "I was there. I- I'm his son."

{A/N: yes another short chapter. I'm probably going to write the next one tomorrow though. I'm pretty sure it will be longer and well, it's gonna get REAL bloody... I recommend not reading it if you are sensitive to violence. And no, the story itself isn't the violent part, you are going to get some of Russia's past. Hehe...}

Words: 783

Sleepover part 2

Russia POV

I could hear Russian Empire choking. "That bastard had children and didn't tell me?! Wait, does that mean..." he paused. "I'm your grandfather?!" He asked happily and the others looked shocked, hearing everything. Ukraine smiled so brightly and for once, I smiled too. "I guess so." I said. "Do you know what that means?!" Exclaimed Ukraine and I nodded. "Do you have siblings?" Asked R.E (Russian Empire). "Yes, we were 15 kids." I could hear him choking again. "Wait what do you mean were?" He asked and the other looked as confused as he was. Ukraine's smile faded and so did mine.

"My younger sister, Ukraine, is here with me, but the rest..." I froze and Ukraine looked down, no longer happy.

"They're dead too." I said.

The others gasped and R.E fell silent. "I discover I have 15 grandchildren, and then I discover 13 of then are dead. I have fought plenty of wars and battles, but this shit hurts." He said quietly and I agreed.

"Hey, um, I- I'll call you later, okay?" I asked and he paused for a second, still processing what I just informed him. "Yes, yes. I wouldn't want to waste your time." He said. We said our goodbyes for now and I hung up and gave the phone back to Germany, who was as shocked as they all were.

"Um, Russia?" Asked S.K. "You- you said your father and siblings were, um, d- dead..." he continued, stuttering. "We, um, need some explanations." He said and the others nodded. "I suppose you do, but it's better if you don't know, for your own good."

"Oh come on, it can't be that bad." Said North Korea confidently.

"Oh trust me, it is." I said coldly and by my tone he realized I wasn't joking.

"We still want to know, Russia." Said Ame and I couldn't argue. "Fine, but don't say I didn't warn you."

I told him the time and place he needed to look for and he displayed the memory from 8 years ago, when I was ten.

WARNING: SOME SCENES AHEAD WILL CONTAIN TORTURE,MURDER, ENSLAVEMENT AND SAD MOMENTS. IF YOU ARE SENSITIVE TO THINGS SUCH AS THAT, OR YOU ARE READING IT TO SOMEONE YOUNG OR SENSITIVE, IT IS YOUR OWN RISK!

Nobody POV

The memory revealed a small wooden cabin in a big snowy forest, with a lake nearby.

The cabin's door opened and two young boys stepped out, smiling. The taller one of them held a weapon that seemed to be a hunting rifle.

"The taller one is me, the other is my little brother Kazakhstan." Explained Russia. (In the present)

"Promise you'll be alright?" Said a man from inside the house.

"And that's our father."

"Of course!" They both said and waved goodbye as they walked into the forest.

"We were on our first hunting mission. Our father always took us hunting since we were too poor to buy food, but it was a little hard, because we had younger siblings back at home. However, we managed."

After a while of walking, they reached a part of the forest deep enough to have wild animals. The younger boy pointed at a deer. "Can we eat that?" He asked his brother. "I suppose. Here,

you kill it." He said and handed him the rifle. Their father taught them how to shoot with it properly, but Kazakhstan still struggled a bit. "Here, I'll help you." Said younger Russia and showed him how to hold it properly. He shot and the deer fell to the ground.

Kazakhstan jumped up happily and Russia congratulated him. They highfived and laughed.

"Dad will be so proud of us!" Said Kazakhstan and they both smiled. "C'mon, this thing won't move itself." Said Russia and they carried the corpse back to their cabin, not knowing they were being followed.

"Rusky, Kaz! You're back!" Exclaimed a young girl.

"That's Belarus, she's our sister too."

"Look! We brought a deer!" Said Kazakhstan in excitement and their father smiled. "I knew I could trust you boys." He said.

"Oh, but they brought home something else too ." Said an unknown voice from the shadows of the forest. A male with a red flag stepped out of the shadows with a smirk. The children hid behind their dad as his face was somewhere in between anger and shock. "T.R?! What are you doing here?!" He said, this time clearly angry. "Who me? I'm just here to chat!" Said the nazi with a smile as a few other men who seemed to be hunters emerged from the shadows.

The Soviet man (their father) walked closer to him, telling his kids to stay back.

"What do you really want." He asked coldly, clearly not wanting to deal with him.

"You know I always like a small fight, Soviet." He said, still smiling like they were old friends. Soviet sighed and without warning, he kicked him to the snowy ground. "Oh, but I didn't say what weapons we are going to use!" Said T.R.

"I don't have weapons on me." Said the USSR coldly.

"Maybe you don't-" he said and put his hand to his pocket. "But I do." He stated and got up. Soviet finally realized what he was doing when a gunshot was heard and he fell to the ground, soaking the snow red. The children who watched everything screamed in horror. Russia ran up to his father's body, sobbing. "No, no no ..." he cried and silently begged for his dad to wake up.

"Grab them. All of them." Said the Nazi with a victorious grin.

The memory slowly faded and a new one appeared, which seemed to be a few hours later.

The younger children hid behind their big brother who spread his wings to shield them. The Nazi and his allies were laughing at the sight. "Aww, are you protecting your little siblings? How adorable!" They mocked them and Russia glared at them in response.

"Now, now. You know, I find it quite annoying to do house chores." Said T.R.

"And I thought," he continued. "I have 15 children here who could do it for me!" He smiled.

"That's enslavement, and it's illegal." Said Russia coldly. "One, I just killed you father . That's illegal too . Two, what the heck did he teach you kids?" Said T.R in confusion.

"Anyhow, I also found this cool thing in the basement, and I wanted to test it out." He said and one of his assistants brought a long weapon. The Nazi took it and turned it on. Sparks of electricity started to be created as he looked at it, awestruck. "Don't you think this is beautiful? I bet it hurts a lot, too." He grinned and the children trembled in fear. Some were crying. All except Russia. "I'm not scared of you!" He stated confidently.

"Oh, but you should be." Said T.R and pointed the weapon toward him. "Would you like to be first?" He asked and Russia glared at him, not showing fear.

"I'll take that as a yes."

He put the weapon to Russia's neck and pressed it in. Russia screamed by the sudden pain spreading across his face. Kazakhstan took a step forward, trying to help him but Ukraine stopped him. She knew he would meet the same fate if he did. Soon the torture stopped and Russia fell to the ground, crying. The men were laughing. "Are you scared now?" Asked T.R, still laughing.

"No." Russia said, no longer crying.

"Excuse me?" Said T.R and looked at the young boy.

"I'm not scared of you." Answered Russia, still with his face down. T.R growled . "Fine then. You will be."

The memory faded again and switched with one that seemed to be from four years later.

15 children were now down to four, Kazakhstan, Belarus, Ukraine and Russia.

The rest were murdered in some brutal way or starved.

Today was the day most kids wait a year for in excitement, but Russia forgot all about it.

"Happy birthday Rusky !" Said the three to their older brother who sat and looked at the window with the view of a winter landscape. He turned to them with an empty look. "It's my birthday? You guys remembered?" He asked, confused. "Of course! Bummer is we don't have presents." Said Kazakhstan.

"Oh, don't worry, I have one!" Said a voice and a gunshot was heard. Kazakhstan fell to the ground, bleeding from a wound

in his chest. Belarus and Ukraine screamed. "Do you like it?" Asked the voice. No surprise, it was T.R.

Russia ran over to his dying brother, holding him in his arms. "K- Kaz... stay with me..." he cried, holding back tears. "Rusky, my back... it hurts..." murmured Kazakhstan. "Shh, it's okay..." Russia shushed him. "Remember what dad always said?" He asked and his brother tried to think.

"He said... 'pain is like a person , if you ignore it long enough it will go away'." He said and smiled weakly. "You'll survive, and people will respect you! We'll be soldiers like you always said, and we'll fight side by side..." Russia's voice broke. "You're right!" Said Kazakhstan quietly. "I... can't... wait..." his voice trailed off and he fell from Russia's hands to the cold floor, deceased.

"You." Said Russia to T.R coldly without looking at him.

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" He asked, glaring at him, staring in his eyes with a dead look. T.R laughed .

"Of course I am! I wouldn't do this if I weren't!" He smiled.

Once again the memory faded and another came in, a year later.

"Wake up!" Shouted one of T.R's assistants. The three children, Russia, Belarus and Ukraine stoop in a line in the hall of the black mansion they've been tortured in for those five years, wondering what they're going to suffer today.

"Well, you know your jobs, go do them!" Shouted a different man.

Ukraine and Belarus rushed to their positions to do their chores, but Russia froze. "No." He said and the man sighed and called his boss. "What is the problem?" Asked the Nazi. "It's that rebellious kid again, sir." Said the man. "Oh, I see. I'll take

care of it." Said T.R and the man nodded and walked away.

"Listen here, you little shit, you better behave, since I have two more little victims." He said and turned to Russia.

"You wouldn't dare." Said Russia. "Oh I will. Now go do your job."

"Ha! I'd rather have my arm cut off!" Exclaimed Russia. "Alright then. Cutting someone's arm was my dream ever since I was a child." Smiled T.R. He called one of his assistants and whispered something into his ear. After a couple minutes he came back with a chainsaw.

Russia regretted saying that.

And soon enough the floor was covered in his blood, and his arm layed on the ground, no longer attached to his body. Ukraine and Belarus who were watching screamed in horror.

Russia didn't cry. He didn't scream. He kept his head down, and then looked in T.R's eyes in the most expressionless and dead way. And then he smiled.

"Did you enjoy that?" He asked calmly, still smiling.

For once T.R was the one horrified.

"What?" Asked Russia. "Did you think I'll cry? Scream? Shout for help? Try to attack you?" He laughed. "Are you trying to kill me slowly? Bitch I'm already dead!" He continued laughing.

"Alright then." Said T.R and shot Belarus. Ukraine screamed again.

And still, Russia didn't even look over there. He kept smiling and laughing.

The Nazi got angry and cut off Russia's wing too, but he still laughed.

Suddenly they heard a knock at the door. "Who is it?!" Shouted T.R to the door.

"Knock knock, it's the police." Said a male voice and a dozen cops burst through the door.

Some of the cops ran up to T.R and his assistants to arrest them. Others went around the mansion to make sure nobody and nothing bad was there.

"What! You have no right to arrest me!" Exclaimed the Nazi. "Then who did this?!" Said the cop that knocked and pointed at Russia. "You don't have proof it's us!" He protested. "Alright, then who is it?" Asked the cop.

Before he could make up a lie two cops came up running to them. "Sir! We found something quite disturbing..." said a female cop. "What is it?"

"It's- it's the basement..."

"What's in it?"

"All kinds of torture tools, and..."

"And what?"

"Bodies, sir. Thirteen. All seems to be children."

"WHAT!?" Exclaimed the cop and turned back to T.R, glaring at him. "You two!" He called two cops and told them to take the Nazi back to their police car. "And the rest of you, do the same."

After all the hunters were arrested he turned to Russia and Ukraine who was holding him.

"What happened here?" He asked them and Ukraine explained. The cop's face turned horrified more and more every sentence. "We'll take care of you two, and give your family a proper funeral." He said sadly. "Um, sir?" Asked Ukraine. "What's your name?"

"You can call me N.A.T.O." He said. "W.H.O!" He called and a woman that looked like a nurse came over. "Please take care of this poor child." He said and she gasped when she saw Russia. She turned around and called some other cops and medics so they could take him to the hospital.

Slowly the memory faded. This time it was replaced by everyone's terrified faces.

They all looked at Russia as he laughed.

"And to think you called **me** the monster."

{A/N: are you traumatized? No? Great. Yes? That's your problem. I warned you.

I'm glad I finally wrote this chapter, I had ideas for it for months. And you all finally got a long chapter! And a VERY violent one...

Welp! Good luck sleeping tonight!}

Words: 2231

Sleepover part 3

Nobody POV

Russia laughed. Everyone stared at him in horror. "And to think you all called **me** the monster!" He said, still laughing.

He slowly stopped laughing and glared into their eyes. "Everyone always says or thinks about how ugly my scars are, but no one ever wonders how I even got them. Now that you know, am I still a scary freak to you?" He asked with all the seriousness he could master, although you could hear pain in his voice.

Everyone froze in shock, not believing those few things they once thought could hurt so much. "Yeah, those things you thought about me? They fucking hurt y'know?" He said again, this time the pain in his voice was clear.

No one said a word. They were all too shocked and terrified.

A few minutes were spent in silence before Germany broke it. "So that's why you glared at me when you said I'm T.R's son..." he said. "I knew he has done horrible things, but I never imagined anything like that. I'm sorry about all the things I might have thought or said about you." He said and Russia looked surprised. "I didn't expect you to apologize."

"I'm sorry too." Said Poland and slowly everyone apologized as well, making Russia feel a little better.

"You should have told us earlier, Russia. Hiding your feelings like that isn't the right thing to do." Said America and Russia sighed. "I know, But I didn't think anyone would believe me."

After a few minutes of talking about it, it began to be late. Korea came in and told them they should go to sleep and they agreed, though they were all afraid that it would be nothing but nightmares.

"Oh sorry, we're missing one blanket." Said Korea. "It's okay, I can sleep without one. After all, I did that for five years..." said Russia and Korea gave they blankets to all the others.

Time skip

America POV

The room was dark. I didn't know what hour it was and I couldn't sleep. I kept thinking about all what Russia has been through, and everyone silently bullied him. He was suffering so much, and nobody knew.

After a couple minutes I could see someone moving. It was dark, but I've been awake for so much time that now I could see in the dark good enough to recognize who it was. It was Korea, S.K and N.K's mother. She probably couldn't sleep either. I could see her sitting down to the table and I decided to talk to her.

I slowly got up and approached her, trying not to wake anybody up. "America?" She whispered. "What are you doing awake, dear?" She asked quietly. "I couldn't sleep. Can we talk a bit?" I asked, also talking as quietly as I could. "Of course. What's troubling you? You can tell me, I'm a therapist after all."

"Really?" I asked. "Sure. You can tell me whatever you need."

I sat down in front of her and sighed. "I just want to help Russia, be his friend, but I don't think he trusts me. And I can't blame him, I wouldn't trust me either if I were him."

"But you're not him, so find a way to prove your worth trusting."

"How?"

"I don't know. How can even **I** know you're worth trusting? How could anyone? It's **you** that has to know. Do you trust yourself?"

"Of course I do, what is that supposed to mean?"

"And why do you trust yourself? Because you are yourself. Because you know yourself. You just need to get him to know you. He'll trust you in the end. Just give him some time."

I sighed. "Yeah, you're probably right."

We talked for some time until I could hear someone get up. I turned and saw Russia. Poor guy, he probably had a nightmare. "Ame..?" He muttered. "And... Korea? Why are you two awake?" He said and walked towards us. "We couldn't sleep. I assume you had a nightmare." I said. "Yeah..." he murmured. "I need some air." He said and Korea pointed at a door. "We have a big garden, you can go there." She said and Russia thanked her. He walked to that direction, almost tripping over from tiredness and using the walls for support. He exited the room and closed the door behind him.

"Maybe I should go talk to him." I said. "I'm not sure he'll want to talk, but it's worth a shot." Said Korea and I got up and walked towards the door as well.

The view was absolutely stunning. The garden was filled with trees and flowers and I was pretty sure I saw a small ornamental pool with koi fish. I walked around for a bit and appreciated the beauty of this place.

Suddenly I saw Russia so I came closer to him. I noticed something weird.

He was crying.

I gasped quietly. I never saw him cry. Well, except in memories, but that doesn't count.

He probably heard me as he flinched and turned to me, trying to hide his tears.

"Hey, it's okay." I told him and he whipped his tears and turned away. I sat next to him. "Hey, look at me." I said. He didn't turn back. "I assume you don't want to be seen crying, and I understand, but it's a totally normal thing." I tried to comfort him. It didn't work.

"You know, there's a quote I like, it says: "crying isn't a sign of weakness, it's a sign you've been strong for too long" and I think it's exactly what you're experiencing. You hid your feeling for to long." He stayed silent.

"I know." He said, his voice breaking. I noticed he was trembling so I put my hand on his shoulder. He flinched from the sudden touch. "Oh sorry, I forgot..." I apologized. And he stayed with his back to me. I sighed.

"Just leave me alone, okay? I appreciate what you're trying to do, but I'd rather just be alone." He said and I got up. "Okay. Whatever you want." I said and walked away, back to the house.

Russia POV

Are you stupid? What are you doing? He was trying to help me and I just pushed him away! That's why I don't have friends. Who knows if he'll still want to be my friend. He probably thinks I'm selfish. He probably hates me now.

Who am I kidding? He never liked me in the first place, did he?

But... he cared. I could see it in his mind and his eyes. His voice, his touch... he does care.

I'm just lying to myself to make me feel worse. I really am stupid, aren't I?

I'll talk to him tomorrow.

{A/N: okay I didn't know how to end the chapter so here you go.

Question is, what happens in the next chapter? I literally have no idea U_U

Probably going to be a big time skip and maybe you'll get to meet R.E aka Rusky's grandpa}

Words: 1134

Family reunion

{A/N: thanks for the 200+ reads guys! Special thanks to @GlissBunBun666 for the hilarious comments! You truly make my day better!}

The next day

Nobody POV

Everyone slowly woke up and left at morning.

America turned to Russia as they exited the house. "Hey, Russia?" He asked. "Yes?"

"Ukraine and Canada are going to a mall together and I'll probably join them. I was wondering if you would like to join as well." He said, expecting a negative response. "Sure." Answered Russia.

"Great!" America exclaimed.

Time skip

They walked around the huge mall until America noticed that Russia looked a bit overwhelmed, so he suggested to grab something to eat and go to a park. Russia seemed to like that idea.

They walked over to a nearby McDonald's and America ordered some ice cream.

"Do you want anything?" He asked Russia. "No, thank you." He said politely. "Alright then." Said America and they walked together to a park and sat down on the grass.

"Wait a second." Said Ame.

"I didn't see you eat anything yesterday or this morning. If I think about it, I haven't even seen you eat at lunchtime at school. Do you only eat when you're at your house or what? How aren't you hungry?" He asked and Russia hesitated.

"I- I um..." he stuttered uncomfortably. "You look really skinny too. How much *do* you eat?" Asked America worriedly.

Russia looked away. "Russia. Look at me. I'm serious." He said, a bit coldly.

"N- not much..." muttered Russia. "How much is that?" America asked, this time with colder tone. Russia sighed.

"I take myself a salad or a small sandwich once a day. Nothing much more than that." America spit some of his ice cream. "Bro- what!? That's not okay!" He exclaimed and Russia sighed again.

"Hey, it's not like I can really eat more than that! I've been living on starvation my entire life!" He protested. "I don't care! It's not healthy! You need to eat at least three meals a day, even if they are small." Remarked America.

"Just- just leave it alone, okay?" Said Russia. America could swear he heard his voice break a little. "...please." He said softly. Ame sighed, understanding it's better leave it. "Okay."

"Thank you."

After a while Ame finished his ice cream and they got up to leave.

"Hey! Why don't we go visit your grandfather!" Suggested America. "Sure. I'll call him."

After a bit of a talk he gave Russia the address and they took a bus to his house. Most of the ride was spent in silence, except a few times America saw something cool from the window.

After a couple minutes they arrived at the big house. It was decorated with flowers from the balconies and a small front yard with all kinds of plants. The door was made of wood colored grayish green.

"Compared to someone who fought hundreds of battles and won wars, this place looks really... colorful." Said Russia in surprise and America nodded in agreement.

{A/N: badass yet colorful grandpa style}

They knocked at the door and an elderly man opened it with a smile. "Welcome! Feel at home!" He said and opened the door for them to enter. The inside of the apartment looked pretty much like the outside, with a huge transparent door that led to the garden.

R.E turned to Russia. "I assume you're my grandson." He said and Russia nodded.

"This is my friend Ame." He said and America waved. "Nice to meet you both." Said the older Russian with a smile. "As you know, I've been in in many battles and seen many injuries before, but dear lord, what the heck did they do to you, my poor child?" He asked worriedly, referring to Russia.

"Long story..." he murmured. R.E sat down at his chair and gestured to the sofa in front of him and America and Russia sat down.

"I have time."

{A/N: yeah a short chapter again I know, but that's pretty much all I could think about.

What

Why are you still here

Go do your homework

Wait

I have homework too-

wElp fUck-

Words: 656

Family reunion part 2

{A/N: sorry I haven't updated in a few days- but now I'm back! And guess who is also back? School. U_U mine starts tomorrow... cri}

Nobody POV

After some chat with R.E (Russian Empire) the two decided to go each on their way, so they said their goodbyes and went to take a bus.

After a few minutes of a silent ride, Russia got up. "That's my stop, see ya." He said and stood beside the door, waiting for the bus to stop.

"You live here?" Asked America. "I thought you'd like to live somewhere more... socially distanced." He murmured and Russia chuckled. "Oh, no. I don't live here, I just thought if there was this whole family reunion thing I'd go visit the cemetery. I haven't been there in a while." He trailed off. "Oh."

There was a bit of silence until the bus stopped. "Can I come?" Asked America and Russia turned to him in surprise. "Sure, if you want to." He muttered and turned away again. America got up and walk to the door just when it opened and they both got out.

They walked a couple minutes and America noticed Russia was picking flowers on the way, but he stayed silent even though he was curious about it.

When they arrived Russia kept walking, searching for his relatives' graves. After he found them he sat down and America sat down beside him.

America looked over to his friend who was fiddling with the flowers in his hands.

Russia turned to him, noticing his confusion. "My family used to like wild flowers. Even though these aren't actually wild, it's better than buying ones." He explained and America nodded.

"Usually my father would go hunting for us and leave me and my siblings alone. Since I was the oldest I would take care of them while he was gone. I used to make them flower crowns to distract them." He continued and America realized he was making a flower crown.

Russia looked up to the gravestone he was sitting in front of, and smiled. "She loved them the most. She used to hug me and tell me how much she loved me every time I made her one." He chuckled and America looked over to the name on the gravestone.

-Moldova-

2010 - 2017

{let's assume the year is 2023 okay?}

'Wow' thought America 'she died when she was seven... that's so sad.'

Russia looked up again and placed the crown on the cold stone. "I remember the warmth of her embrace when she hugged me... it was so nice..." he fell silent. "I also remember the last time she hugged me. Her hands were no longer warm, and she was screaming." He muttered and America looked at him in horror.

"Anyway, did you come to visit anyone as well?" Russia asked, changing the subject. "Nope." America answered, still in shock. "Let's go then." He said and they got up.

Russia let America walk first as he stayed behind for a second, standing in front of his father's grave. "пока, папа. (bye, dad.)" he whispered and joined his friend.

Time skip

Russia POV

As I arrived at my neighborhood I decided to take a walk in the woods nearby.

It was mostly quiet, just as I liked it. The only sounds were the branches dangling in the soft wind and my footsteps on the leaves. I loved walking in this forest, it was so calming.

Time flew by and I decided to go home. I turned around and started walking back to the city. As I walked between the trees I noticed something strange. It was a regular bush, but it was on fire. I quickly tried to put it out before it burns the whole forest, but my attempts failed.

I started to panic as the fire spread to the grass and the trees as well. At this point there was nothing I could do, so I started running.

I managed to get away from a couple burning trees, but it wasn't getting better, and I couldn't find a way out. I started coughing and I almost fell over. 'C'mon Russia, you can do it!' I thought to myself.

I finally found a way out, but I could see a big tree falling over. I knew if I let it fall I will get trapped and it will burn as well. Running under it was my only option.

I stumbled a bit then started running. 'Well, I'll probably die, but I don't have a better option.' I thought.

'Here goes nothing!'

{A/N: welp. Good luck Russia!}

Words: 741

Confession

{A/N: yes another chapter todayyyy. I'll leave some fluff before school kills me}

The next day

America POV

The next day I went to school as usual, searching for Russia. I noticed he didn't come today which was weird, he came everyday. 'Maybe he's just somewhere I didn't search, or maybe he doesn't want to talk. I won't blame him.' I thought. 'Yet again... even if he doesn't want to talk, he always comes up to me. I'll just ask Ukraine if she saw him.' I figured.

Before I could find Ukraine the bell rang and I walked to art class. Luckily for me, Ukraine had the same class. When we were freed to draw on the canvas I picked the on next to her.

"Hey Ukraine?" I muttered and she turned to me. "Yes?"

"Have you seen Russia? I don't think he came today."

"Weird, I was searching for him as well. Skipping school isn't like him, even if he hates it."

"You don't think anything happened, right?"

For once Ukraine looked concerned as she painted a picture of a dandelion. "I hope not..." she mumbled.

We waited for the school to end so we could meet up outside. We decided to call him to make sure he's okay. "He isn't picking up..." murmured Ukraine. "He doesn't answer my calls either." I stated.

Suddenly Poland ran up to us with Germany trailing behind him. "He guys! Did you hear what happened?" He asked and stopped in front of us. "No, what is it? We're trying to contact Russia." I responded.

"That's the thing, he isn't answering right?" Replied Poland and I turned to Ukraine then back to him. "I don't know how or what happened exactly, but I know he's in the hospital." He continued.

"What?!" Shouted Ukraine in shock and I was shocked as well. 'What- what happened... I hope he's okay...' I thought.

"Why is he in the hospital for god's sake and why weren't we informed earlier?!" Continued Ukraine.

"I don't know!" Shrugged Poland and we asked in which hospital he is. After he told us we took a bus there.

Time skip

Nobody POV

The cold hospital air conditioning washed over the two as they walked into the building.

After a bit of talk with the staff and the doctors, they were able to see Russia. They were told there was a huge wildfire in the forest he was in, and that a tree fell on him.

"He broke his rib and had a concussion, but he should be awake now." Said a doctor. Ukraine came first and talked to him for a couple of minutes, but America couldn't hear what they were saying.

After a few minutes Ukraine came out. "He can talk, but not move much." She informed the other and he nodded. He walked in and sat down at the chair next to the patient bed.

"Ame?" Murmured Russia weakly. "Russ? What happened?" America asked.

"There was a fire... and then... I think I had to escape... ran under a burning tree... I don't completely remember..." he trailed off. "Are you feeling okay now? That's all that matters." Asked America in a concerned tone. "My whole body hurts, especially my head and the side of my body. Besides that, I'm fine. Did I- did you worry about me?" He muttered and America blushed at the last sentence.

"Of course I did! You're my friend!" He exclaimed. "I'm sorry I worried you..." Russia trailed off and America shook his head. "It wasn't your fault. It's okay."

They were in silence for a few seconds until America spoke. "Hey Russia, there was something I wanted to tell you..." he whispered. "What is it? By your tone I can assume it's something bad." Acknowledged Russia. "Wha- oh, no no, it's not something bad, it's- I-" stuttered the American and then fell silent.

Russia understood it was hard for him to say it, so he tried to help. "Hey, that bitch didn't hesitate for a second when he cut off my arm, you don't need to hesitate for years just to tell me a few words, right? Oh and don't worry, I won't read your mind." He smiled and America chuckled.

"Alright, I'll say it." He took a deep breath and gathered his courage to say those simple three words.

"I love you."

Russia fell silent and America clenched his fist.

"You don't feel the same, do you?" He asked, doing his best to hold back tears.

"No, I- I just-" Russia stuttered then sighed. "I just never thought I'd hear someone say that." He murmured sadly, then took the

Americans' hand and looked at him with a smile.

"But that doesn't mean I don't feel the same." He said and for once he smiled brightly and America was in shock. After a few seconds of processing what he heard, he smiled as well.

"I can't really kiss you, can I?" He teased. Russia chuckled, then squinted his eye in pain and gripped the side of his body with his arm. "No, I guess you can't." He said with a smile and the other boy laughed.

"You know, when that tree hit me, I swear I could see them." Russia murmured. "Who?"

"My family. They were calling me to join them in heaven, but I knew I shouldn't. I wasn't sure why, but now I know." He continued.

"Why would I need heaven up there-

-when I have heaven down here?"

{A/N: Russia you little flirt-

Welp, I go now. Goodbye.}

poofs out of existence

Words: 891

New family

{A/N: GUYS I'M BAAAACK sorry for the wait

Also thanks for 500+ reads!}

Ukraine POV

{A/N: *le gasp* is that a new POV????}

It's been a few weeks since Russia and America started dating, and I was so happy for my brother. Finally he won't feel lonely and he'll have someone there with him other than me.

I kept thinking for a bit as I walked in the dark streets on the way to my apartment, then suddenly I heard a voice calling me.

"Excuse me, young lady?" Said a female voice and I turned around and paused. It was a woman with a red and white flag that I didn't recognize, but it somehow seemed familiar.

"It is very dangerous to walk alone in these streets at night, may I

accompany you?" She asked softly.

"Oh! Um, sure. What's your name?" I asked and allowed her to walk by my side. "My name's Japanese Empire, but you can call me J.E for short." She smiled.

"Oh! Your Japans' mother, right? I'm her friend! Well, sort of..." I murmured. "Oh! Yes, I am. What's your name?"

"I'm Ukraine." I answered with a smile. "Oh. She never told me about you." Muttered J.E. "Yeah, we're not really close, we're just I'm the same friend group." I informed her and she nodded.

"Why were you walking alone in the first place, if you don't mind me asking?" She turned to me as we got to my apartment and I thanked her. "I guess I just didn't have anyone who walked in the same direction." I shrugged.

"Well, I'm glad I could help. Goodbye!" She waved and I waved back. It's nice to know there are good countries in this world.

The next day

Nobody POV

The academy halls were silent as usual, even with all the students and teachers walking and chatting along. The size of that place made it feel so empty even when it was so full. One could think it is all just normal countries with their normal lives, yet ones' live could change forever during this 'normal' day.

Let's leave this huge place and all its troubles and zoom in to a small talk.

Ukraine strolled around those big halls and long corridors until she found the person she wanted to talk to.

"Hey, Japan!" She called and a girl with a red and white flag turned to her with a smile.

"Oh, hey Ukraine! What's up?" She called back and walked towards her. "Everything is fine, how are you?" Asked Ukraine politely. "I'm

great!" Replied the Japanese girl.

"Yesterday I met your mom, she was really sweet."

"Oh, really? That's nice!"

"Yeah, she walked next to me on my way to my apartment so no drunk homeless will cling to me. I'm really thankful she did that, those streets are scary at night."

"Oh, yeah, she does that a lot. She always helps old people cross the road or helps little kids find their parents. I'm glad I have such a nice mother." Japan said with a smile and Ukraine paused.

"What's wrong?" Asked Japan, noticing the sudden silence.

"It's just that I never knew my mother, she either died or left us alone. Well, both ways make her seem gone to me, but I still wish I remembered her." Ukraine mumbled. "Oh. I'm sorry."

"It's okay, it's not your fault, you're just lucky." Said Ukraine with a forced smile. "Yeah, I guess I am." Japan murmured. "The thing is I always wanted siblings, but my mother says it's better to adopt those who don't have parents rather then bring more people to this world. And well, I rather agree. Problem is I kinda want to have siblings my age, and we can't seem to find ones."

{A/N: yes I searched it up and you can adopt someone over 18}

Suddenly Japan gasped and looked into Ukraines' eyes. "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" She asked and slowly smiled. It took Ukraine a moment to realize what she was talking about, but when she realized she started smiling as well.

"We could adopt you and Russia!"

"That will be amazing!" Exclaimed Ukraine. "Do you think Russia will agree though?" Asked Japan. "It will take him a while to get used to that concept, but he'll agree, I'm sure." Stated Ukraine confidently.

"I'll go ask him after class, and you ask your mother." Japan nodded

and they separated to their classes.

A while later

Russia POV

{A/N: he isn't in the hospital anymore just so you know}

After class ended Ukraine ran up to me with a smile I haven't seen ever since I told her Ame and I are dating, which made me slightly chuckle.

"You won't believe what happened!" She exclaimed and I chuckled again. "What happened?"

Some explanations later

"Really? Japan's okay with that?" I asked in disbelief. "Why wouldn't she be?" Asked Ukraine in confusion. "You know, she was scared of at first." I murmured.

"Yeah, she *was.* She doesn't see you like that ever since the sleepover. No one does."

"Hm." I muttered to myself. 'The last sentence... it's not so true...'

"So? What do you think?" Ukraine pulled me back to reality. "If they are okay with this then so am I." I kind of lied there, but it made Ukraine so happy, I had to give it a chance.

A couple days and adoption papers later

"Oh my god, really!? That's amazing!" Exclaimed America after I told him what happened. "I'm so happy for you! You're finally getting an actual family! That's great!" He continued with a huge smile. His smile was so adorable I could help myself and smiled as well. "Yeah... lucky me..." I murmured quite bitterly. The American probably noticed my tone as his smile was wiped from his face.

"What's wrong?" He asked softly. "It's- it's nothing, really-" I was cut off by him. "No, it's not. You're my boyfriend, Russia. I know when you're lying to me." He said bitterly and I sighed. I hate it when he

knows that I'm lying.

"Fine, fine. Yeah I was lying. It's just that I haven't had a family in years, and I'm not sure I'm ready for it." I muttered and he held my hand. "You will be. I'm sure of it." He stated. His confidence would always convince me, so I nodded.

"Yeah, you're probably right."

{A/N: I'm probably gonna write a second part to this today since I don't have school so I have time and energy. Also Uki and Rusky are getting a family yay

***gets smacked by Russia* "how many times can I ask this?! Don't call me that!"**

"Yeah, whatever Russ. We don't care."

Yeah, it's better not to call Russia that since his sibling used to call him that. It triggers his PTSD so it's better not to say that, but since I'm the author...

***inhale* "hEllO tHeRe RusKy!!!"**

gets smacked again

Okay I think I shouldn't do that again.

inhale

"Don't you dare."

"RUS-"

neck gets snapped by Russia

Words: 1122

New family part 2

{A/N: holy shit guys we already got 100 more reads??? It been a day! A fricking DAY! Well, it's probably mostly just me when I reread- never mind let's go back to the story nobody wants to listen to me rambling}

Japan POV

Today Russia and Ukraine are moving to me and my mothers' house and I'm so freaking excited! I'm a bit worried though, after all, we have completely different cultures and I'm not sure they will like all our traditions... I hope they'll be okay with it. We can also do their traditions! That could be cool!

Today we all met up in a park after Russia and Ukraine packed all their stuff. My mother picked us up and drove us to our house. The ride was mostly silent and kinda awkward, but it ended soon enough.

We reached the house and walked out of the car and I could hear Ukraine gasp in awe. "That tree is so pretty! What's it called?" She asked and I chuckled at her expression.

"It's the Sakura tree. It is very common in our country." I replied and observed the pink leaved tree as well. My mother planted it when I was born, making it my age. I always loved to climb its branches, draw or write under it... it sparks good memories in me every day.

We walked into the house and took off our shoes. "日本 (Japan), please take your new siblings to their rooms and show them around the house while I make some food for us, alright?" Requested my mother. "わかった、お母さん! (Okay, mom!)" I said and showed Russia and Ukraine where they will be sleeping.

I showed them around the house for a bit until we reached their new room.

They looked at me in confusion when they saw the room. "Oh, right, your beds aren't on the floor... sorry about that." I muttered. "No no, it's okay, we can handle it." Replied Russia politely. "Right Ukraine?" He turned to his sister and she nodded. "Of course! We are used to sleeping on the floor after all..."

Silence spread across the room at the last sentence, but it was soon broken. "Kids! Come eat!" Called my mom. "Coming!" I called back and we went downstairs.

She made Hosomaki, my favorite. One of the most popular *makizushi* varieties are the thin hosomaki rolls. They consist of traditional roasted nori sheets that are layered with vinegar rice, filled with just one ingredient, then shaped into thin rolls. Even though they appear in numerous versions, the most famous are the *tekkamaki* tuna roll and the refreshing *kappamaki* cucumber roll.

{A/N: I literally copied that from a website about Japanese dishes omfg it's basically sushi for me}

"I hope you two will like this, it is not the kind of food you are used to..." murmured my - well, *our* - mother. "It's okay, we can try it." Said Ukraine politely and Russia nodded. "Plus we eat on the floor... I hope it okay for you two."

"It's all okay, really." Replied Russia. "Okay, if you say so."

We sat and ate in silence for a while. After we were done we put the dishes in the sink and went to the living room. "Well, how was it?" I asked, hoping they enjoyed the meal. "It was great!" Exclaimed Ukraine and I smiled. "It was nice. I'm gonna need to get used to this type of food though." Murmured Russia after I turned to him.

"We can try and make your traditional dishes sometimes too." I said, trying to cheer him up. "That would be nice, thank you." Russia said with a soft smile. I can't believe I was once scared of him, he's so nice! Maybe I should apologize again...

Time skip

Russia POV

We talked for a while and before I knew it evening came. J.E said we have some leftovers from lunch we could eat, but I tried to refuse as politely as I could. "I'm not really hungry... I think I'll head to sleep a bit early if that okay?" I mumbled and J.E looked confused for a second before she snapped back to reality. "Oh! Of course that's okay. Are you sure you're not hungry though?" She asked. "Yeah, I'm still full from lunch." I said. Did I lie? I'm not even sure at this point.

It wasn't natural for me to eat more than a meal a day anyway. When I lived with my father we would only have something quite small to eat every once a while, and since we were 16 people, we needed to save as much as we could. And then when we were tortured... well, you could guess that they fed us nothing but leftovers once every two weeks or so. My brother Uzbekistan and my sister Estonia eventually starved to death.

I fell silent at the terrible memory. Well, not that I wasn't silent before that- never mind that, I'll just go to sleep. I went to brush my teeth and then to me and Ukraines' new room. I sat down at the bed with my head down. I covered my face with my hands and whispered to myself.

"I'm not ready for this... not yet..."

I never thought I would get a new family. It didn't seem to help me much and I couldn't help but remember my old family.

"They would never replace them... it will never help..."

"It will never heal. It will never fill the hole in my heart."

I kept whispering to myself.

"It only makes it worse... every little chat... every soft laugh..."

"It will never be the same..."

"I miss them so much..."

I felt warm liquid rolling down my cheeks. My god, was I crying? God fucking damnit...

After a couple minutes Ukraine came to the room and I Immediately wiped my tears away. Unfortunately for me she already noticed.

"Russia? What's wrong?" She asked softly and sat beside me.

"It's nothing, I'm fine." I muttered.

"Shut the fuck up and tell me the truth. When someone, especially you, says they're fine, they're absolutely not. And you're fucking crying." She scolded me.

I sighed. "I miss them, Ukraine. Being in a new family only makes it worse." I mumbled and she hugged me.

"I know, Rusky. I miss them too. But we have to be strong and open a place for this new family. Give them a chance." She comforted me with soft tone and I let go of her and got up.

"Strong? I've been strong all these three years! I've been hiding my feelings, my past, all this trauma and anxiety while they called me the monster! I've been strong and said nothing, I never complained, I never told them it hurts me, I never ever been anything but the scary guy! And you didn't even help me! I was strong all this time, I can't do this anymore!"

Gosh, I haven't confessed like that to anyone, ever. It kinda felt good though. Ukraine got up and hugged me again. "You should have told me before. I never knew you felt that way." She whispered and hugged me tightly.

"It's not like you have anything to do about it anyway." I told her and she let go of me. "Of course I do! I'm your sister, I can help you!" She exclaimed. "How?" I asked coldly and she froze.

"First off, you're not alone. You have me, Ame, now Japan and J.E as well, and all our friends. You don't have to be lonely." She said softly and we both sat down again.

"No, Ukraine. You don't understand. Being a traumatized mind reader in a whole academy that hates you? It fucking messed with my mind. I can't even tell if these horrible things about me are the things I say, or they do. No wonder I'm all emotionless, I'm ripped apart by my feelings and theirs! Imagine trying to fix your life where all I can see is theirs! It's horrible... I- I just- I just can't do this anymore..." I trailed off.

"Then how can I help here? Hugging you again won't help, and all those word I might say won't mean anything to you, won't they?" She muttered bitterly. "Exactly!" I exclaimed. "That's the point! Nothing helps!" I continued. "But then again... if you leave it will be worse..." I finished quietly.

"Let's just go to sleep and maybe you could talk to Ame tomorrow, I'm sure he could help." Said Ukraine as she got up. "Yeah..." I muttered and said good night to her and my new family.

A few days later

Nobody POV

"So, how's living with Russia and Ukraine? Is Russia being a creep?" Asked South Korea as he walked with Japan.

"What?! No! He's really sweet actually!" She exclaimed.

"Really? He seems like a creep to me." Continued S.K and Japan looked shocked at that remark. "Don't you remember the sleepover? Don't you remember all those horrible things he's been through? Where's your sympathy?" She asked with an offended tone.

"Yeah, I remember that. But think about it, if he would be a good guy, he would have gotten over it and kept a smile. Y'know it's always the villains who have the tragic backstory, and deal with it by being emotionless. It's not that bad anyway." He finished

This time Japan had to pause and face him. "You know that person

you call a 'villain' cries himself to sleep every night? Yeah, he has emotions too! And they matter!" She exclaimed in clear anger.

"Seriously, he cries himself to sleep? That's so pathetic." Muttered the Korean.

"Okay, that's it! You crossed the line! I'm not letting you talk like that about my brother!" Japan exclaimed again.

"You call that freak your brother? Really? Wow Jap. I'm disappointed."

"No. *I* am. I don't care if Russia is adopted, or if he would have been someone I don't even know, I'm not going to keep dating someone who thinks they have the right to say these thing!"

"What are you saying?"

"I'm saying we should break up."

"Yeah, sure. You jokingly say that every year about different stuff, Jap. You can stop the act now."

Japan sighed and started to walk away.

"Wait! You're not serious, right?" Called S.K.

"This just proves my point, South. If you still can't tell when I'm serious or not, then we're just not meant for each other. Goodbye."

"No... wait..."

"Wait for what? For you to apologize? I know that won't happen." Finished Japan and walked away from the shocked Korean boy, leaving him alone.

{A/N: okay so what did I do this chapter?

1. Revealed some of the Japanese family traditions

2. Revealed Rusk- *Russias' feelings and some depression

3. Made S.K and Japan break up cuz S.K was being a bitch

4. Activated Japans' girlboss mode

Aaaand that's it?}

Words 1759

Idk how to call this chapter so just chapter 14

{A/N: guys. We. Reached. 900+. Reads. WHAT THE HECK HOW DID THIS HAPPEN GUYS OMG

I want to thank you guys even though a third of the reads is just me rereading. Okay maybe that's exaggerated and yet.

Btw after I finish this story I'm gonna make a story with all kinds of extra stuff. Extra scenes, character / ship them songs, Q&As, fun facts and maybe more!

Now I just have to finish this damn thing...}

America POV

I was so glad that Russia finally got a new family, he deserves it. Weird thing is that it doesn't seem to make him happier. As if, even sadder than before.

I guess he just isn't used to this concept of a new family and honestly I can't blame him. Losing a family... that's awful. Having a new family to replace them is probably hard, not that I know how it feels.

Speaking of family, maybe I could take him to meet my family. We've been dating for a while now, and he haven't met them yet.

After the class ended I tried to find him and ask if he'll like to come over. After a minute or two I found him in the garden. I noticed I've been finding him here for a while now, something in this place seemed to calm him.

"Hey Rus!" I called and he flinched and turned to me, his expression softening. "Oh, sorry I sneaked up like that! I won't do it again." I apologized and he exhaled quietly. "It's okay."

I sat next to him and noticed he was fiddling with a small flower in his fingers. I used to find this habit weird, but it felt normal at this point. It was some kind of meditation thing for him, and I could see it helped him.

"Hey, I was wondering if you'd want to come over to my house, you haven't met my family yet." I asked and he softly nodded. "Sure, I would like that." He murmured.

I loved Russia and all and yet, he still seemed like a mystery to me. Even if I know that he's not who he looks like and his trauma and all, I still felt like he's hiding something. He always acted so polite around people who didn't hate him, it felt like nobody really knew him.

I decided not to overthink it and try to strike a conversation. "So uh, how's with Japan and her mother? Are they treating you and Ukraine well?" I asked a bit worriedly.

"It's okay. They are treating us well and are being very nice to us." He hummed.

Something seemed off. It wasn't okay, was it?

"Russia, why do I feel like you're lying to me?" I asked softly, trying not to offend him.

"Wh- what? Oh, I'm sorry... I just- I don't know-" he stuttered and I hushed him.

"Hey, hey, it okay. I'm not blaming you, I'm just saying you can tell me if anything's wrong." I comforted him with a soft tone. "I- I know... it's just..." he paused.

"It's just hard to get used to a new family. I just-" he sighed. "I miss them." He muttered so quietly I could barely hear him. I hugged him tightly and whispered in his ear.

"It's okay, I'm always here for you."

I let go of him after a couple seconds and his lips curved into a small smile, one you could only see from up close. "You should smile more, you look cute." I told him and he flustered red. I chuckled at his expression and got up.

"C'mon, the class's about to start." I told him and he got up as well, leaving the small flower on the ground.

The classic time skip

After school ended we took a bus to my family's house, which wasn't too far. The bus was quite loud and crowded this time, so me and Russia had to stand uncomfortably. Fortunately for us, the next stop was were we needed to be.

We got out of the crowded bus and headed towards the house at the end of the street. It was quite big, fitting for a large family.

I knocked on the door and a woman opened it up, smiling when she saw me. "Hi mom!" I said and she took us inside. "Who is this fellow with you?" She asked as Russia looked around the large living room.

"Oh, that's my boyfriend, Russia." I told her and he turned to her, waving shyly.

"Welcome dear. I'm happy Ame found himself a good boyfriend, right Britain?" She called the man who was sitting on the couch with a cup of tea in his hand. He nodded with his head still in the newspaper he was reading. "Indeed."

{A/N: yes guys Britain isn't an abusing homophobic bitch in this AU}

Suddenly the door to my younger brothers' room opened and he walked to us. "Hi kiwi (New Zealand)" I said and he hummed a hi.

"Is that your boyfriend?" He asked and I could see Russia blush a bit behind me.

I smiled. "Yeah." I chuckled and my brother continued. "Did ya kiss yet?" He asked and I almost choked on thin air and we both flustered scarlet red.

New Zealand laughed at our expressions and I quickly tried to shut him up.

"I'm serious!" He exclaimed as I tried to catch him.

"No, we haven't. What's your problem?!" I called as he ran away from me.

"How much time have you been dating?" He asked again and I gave up on catching him and decided to answer his questions instead.

"About a month or so." I stated and this time he was the one to be surprised. "Bro! You've been dating for over a month and you haven't kissed yet? That's not okay!" He exclaimed and I covered my face with my hands.

"That's none of your business!" I muttered and pushed him away. He laughed but decided to stop troubling us.

"Sorry about him, he can get like that sometimes." I told Russia and he chuckled. "No, it's okay. Ukraine can be like that too, and I found it quite funny actually." He said and I smiled.

"Anyway let's go to my room, I have some fun video games we can play." I said and led him to my room. "Cool, but you'll have to teach me how to play, I've never played video games."

"Sure, I'm betting you'll be great in no time!" I exclaimed and he smiled seeing my excitement.

Another time skip cuz I'm lazy

Russia POV

After a while I decided I should go. I bid Ame and his family farewell and thanked them for their hospitality.

I actually wanted to walk to my new house today, knowing I'm not in a hurry. After a couple of minutes I understood it's gonna be a long way so I took the bus for the rest of the way.

I sighed silently and sat down. I'm really happy Ame is there for me, it makes me feel better. And yet, that thing he said in the school break... I couldn't stop thinking about it. Not when he said I should smile more - well, that too - but when he didn't believe me.

'Do I really sound like I'm lying? Did that tone become an instinct? Does he feel like he doesn't know me? I don't wanna seem like a mystery to him, I just-'

I sighed again and covered my face with my hands.

'I want him to trust me, I want-' I paused.

'I just want him to love me. I mean, I know he does, and yet...'

{A/N: I know sometimes when someone thinks I use ' and sometimes I don't I just can't decide if to do it or not and at the start I didn't even remember I could do it so forgive me pls}

Suddenly I noticed how tired I was. Not just currently, in general. I was just tired of everything. Tired of all the noise all the time. All these minds, all these lives... suddenly I understood.

I understood my head hurts like fuck, and how quiet it actually is. 'I just need to stop listening to their minds, it's driving me insane' I inhaled deeply. 'Okay, just focus. Focus on the silence.'

{A/N: Russias' ability doesn't exactly work like the other ones, they need to focus to activate their abilities, while Russia needs to focus to not activate it. Which means he pretty much hears everyones' thoughts 24/7 if he doesn't focus on silence or

on one persons' mind. And the mind reading radius is really big, meaning he could hear the thoughts of an entire academy. What a coincidence that the whole academy hates him-}

After a couple minutes I arrived at my new neighborhood. I honestly didn't get used to this new house and this new family.

I knocked at the door and Japan opened it up. "Oh! Hey Russia! Where have you been?" She asked, sounding concerned at the last sentence. "I went over to Americas' house, sorry I forgot to tell you." I muttered.

"No, no, it's okay. Here come in." She said and I walked in. She closed the door behind me and I took off my shoes.

J.E was preparing some food, and I could see Ukraine helping her which made me a bit happier.

"Oh! Hey Rus!" Called Ukraine and J.E turned to my direction and smiled. "Hi. I think I'm gonna go and rest, my head hurts." I said and started walking towards my and Ukraines' room.

"Alright, we'll call you when the food is ready!" Called Japan and I came to tell her I won't be hungry, but I figured it'll be rude so I decided not to.

I sat down at my bed and took a deep breath. I did my best to focus on the silence in the room and avoid the loud minds coming from the kitchen.

'I'm so tired. Tired of everything. I just want a break from life.' I thought to myself.

'I just want to go back to the good old days when I played with Kazakhstan like the world has no sins. The days when I'd make Moldova flower crowns, or when we all had snow fights together, or when my father took me hunting... I miss those day. I miss them... I just-'

I couldn't stop myself from thinking it even if I knew I should.

'If only I could meet them again... if I only could...'

'I could...'

{A/N: if you understand what he's thinking about I feel sorry for you}

Words: 1720

The not so good old days

Russia POV

'Stop it Russia, people care about you!' I internally scolded myself. These kinds of intrusive thoughts have become really common for me lately and I hated it. I did wish I could see my family again though, but suicide is the last option. Stupid intrusive thoughts.

"Rus! Food's ready!" Called Ukraine and I got up and exited the room. We sat and ate in silence until Ukraine noticed I looked gloomy. Well, gloomier than usual.

"What's wrong?" She asked me and I muttered something she couldn't hear. "What did you say?"

"I said it's nothing." I repeated in a tone she could hear. I knew she didn't believe me but she decided to drop it.

What's that? *le gasp* a time skip?

A couple days later we were going to a trip to some old mansion or whatever. I didn't really like these tours, but I was pretty much forced to go. Ukraine was sick so she couldn't come, but at least I have Ame to talk to.

The few classes who came were stuffed in a bus all together and as the ride started our tour guide introduced themselves. "Hello there, students. My name's Egypt and I'll be your tour guide for today." She said.

"You must be wondering where you are going to, so I'm here to tell you all about it!" She continued.

"We are going together to a mansion whose walls are filled with history and also, well, maybe quite a bit blood. You see, this mansion was built centuries ago for containing slaves and hostages. Not all history there was great, true, but it is still fascinating these days now that enslavement is out of law and barely exists." She finished.

To be honest I didn't really listen about all what she said next. She mostly just talked about some kinds of enslavement and torture. Well, I've been through these things, I'm sure I don't need to listen to that so I just zoned out until we arrived at the huge black mansion.

"This place seems familiar..." I muttered so quietly nobody could hear me.

We walked a bit as Egypt continued to talk. I somehow felt like I knew the place, but I couldn't figure out this feeling.

Suddenly I stepped inside and it hit me.

This is where it happened. All those five years.

Nobody POV

Russia almost tripped over when he realized. Luckily America caught him with a worried face.

"Russia? What happened?" He asked but his questions were muffled in the Russians' ears. As America held him Russia started trembling and mumbling things the American couldn't understand.

"не останавливайся... (no... stop...)"

"пожалуйста... (please...)"

"все будет хорошо... я защищу тебя... (it will be okay... I will protect you...)"

He kept mumbling in Russian as America tried to help him. After a couple moments America noticed he was crying. "Russia? Russia! Talk to me! What happened?" He exclaimed worriedly.

Eventually he understood it was something about this place, and asked one of the escorting teachers to take him outside. The teacher looked a bit confused but nodded after seeing Russias' condition.

America rushed outside, leading Russia by his hand. He stopped and sat the crying Russian down at a tree and sat in front of him.

"Russia? Please look at me. What happened?" He asked again but no sound was heard from the other male except sobs.

America put his hand on Russias' wrist as he tried to comfort him. Russia flinched and took his hand back and hugged his legs to his chest. "Sorry..." murmured America with a worried face.

"Are you okay?" He asked and this time Russia actually answered.

"Do I fucking look okay?!" He exclaimed through sobs, then buried his head in his knees.

'Okay, that was such a stupid question Ame. Sure he's okay, he's literally crying!' The American scolded himself.

"Please Russia, tell me what happened so I can help!" He said.

"You can't help! Nothing you will do or say will help!" Exclaimed Russia, then he froze and looked the American in the eyes. "This is where it happened. All of it." He said coldly.

America looked confused for a moment, the when he understood his eyes widened in shock. "No... it can't be!" He muttered. "Oh it can. I think life is having fun torturing me." Murmured the Russian.

{A/N: no Russia, it isn't life it is me. And yes I'm having fun torturing you. :)}

"I just want to end this already, I'm so tired..." he whispered. Then, even more quietly he said:

"Maybe suicide *is* a good idea..."

Even though it was barely audible, America could hear it and his mouth opened in shock, not believing his boyfriend would say that. He quickly calmed himself and tried to change Russias' mind.

"Y'know it says that they keep the deepest place in hell for those who commit suicide. I don't want you there. Nobody does." He said bitterly.

Russia smiled sadly. "At least nobody will call me a monster there! At least they will understand me like nobody else!" He chuckled.

"Please, Russia. Don't say that. You know I love you." America whispered and came closer to hug Russia but he flinched again.

"I'm just trying to help you, please, just listen." He said softly.

"Listen to what? What do you have to say that will make it better? What do you have to say that I'll hear better than their screams?" Asked Russia in the coldest tone America has ever heard.

"Do you want me to help or not?!" Exclaimed America. "Please, just let me help." He said, softening his tone.

Russia sighed. "How are you going to help?" He asked.

America leaned closer to him and their lips touched in a warm embrace. Russias' eyes widened with shock and his face flushed with red tint but he didn't flinch this time. He took a moment and closed his eyes as well, hugging the others' waist.

They both were silent after they parted.

"Did that help?" Asked America with a smile, facing the shocked Russian.

Russias' expression softened and he smiled. The prettiest, sunny smile America had ever seen from him.

"Yes."

~the end~

{A/N: yep you read it right. It's the end.

But don't worry I'm going to write a new story of some extra stuff. It's gonna be extra scenes, character and ship theme songs, some fun facts and Q&As. Hope to see y'all there!}

Words: 1031